THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cold.

The hayseeds are not making hay at Albany.

Dr. Peters denies the charges, but admits the killing.

A great rumpus and only two delegates for McKinley is an evidence that Hanna's quieter eloquence is needed.

Senator Vest advises Cleveland to go West, to fall in love with their quiet Presbyterian habits. But that would shut off the Vest vocabulary.

Two recent sensational trials in Washington furnish society gossip for the Summer, if not victims for unequally administered laws.

McKinley's caution on the current financial issues indicates that he will not attend the starting performances of another fake tin mill at Piqua.

By means of a clever ruse the veteran fighter for Cuban freedom, General Calixto Garcia, is at last upon his way to Cuba with a cargo of modern arms and ammunition below the deck he treads and one hundred fathoms of good ocean below that. That the brave old fellow will be enabled to put in some good final licks for the freedom of his beloved island is the hope of every American who is neither a hypocrite nor a mugwump. When Spain can dry up the Atlantic Ocean with a mop and pail, she can put a stop to the march of freedom in the "Pearl of the Antilles," and not before.

THE GOLD BRICK.

We Americans have a great deal to be proud of, and in the opinion of most foreigners we are not remiss in calling attention to our own achievements in the many fields in which our native ingenuity and genius had found employment. There is one field of effort, however, in which many of our citizens have sought and found fame and fortune, but of which we seldom boast. That is the field of the cloth of gold bricks, and yesterday morning the Journal told its readers of a most adroit scheme which was, unfortunately, nipped in the bud by the inopportune arrival on the scene of action of two of Mr. Roosevelt's intrusive detectives.

Now the extraordinary vitality of the gold brick industry is one of the most marvellous features of American civilization. It has been described in full in every newspaper in the land at least once a month during the past quarter of a century, and has, in fact, become so well known, either through hearsay or by actual experience, that the term "gold brick," meaning a fraud or swindle, has passed into the language, and is readily understood by all well-informed people. So well known is it, in fact, that it is difficult to believe that there can be any man left on the planet who is not thoroughly familiar with its workings.

But the gold brick operator goes about his daily toil inspired by the firm conviction that a man of the sort that he is looking for is brought into the world at least once every hour, and his faith in this immortal precept frequently finds its reward in success.

The tale unfolded by the skilled operator to his intended victim sometimes varies in detail, but its purpose is always the same. Of late years the public taste has become more exacting than formerly, and in order to keep pace with this intellectual growth it is customary to invest the transaction with a halo of romance of a kind well calculated to enlist the sympathetic interest and stimulate the credulity and cupidity of that variety of man that is born every hour, according to the testimony of local philosophers.

The novels of Cooper contain nothing more fascinating than the oft-told tale of the Indian who has discovered an ancient Mexican mine, and, feeling the approach of death, has but one earthly desire, namely, to dispose of a few of his choicest gold bricks to the pale face who is summoned to meet the gentle savage's agreeable and persuasive agent at a hotel in Perth Amboy. In one instance this delightful narrative was illustrated by means of a "living picture" in the person of the Indian himself, who was revealed to the intended purchaser in a bit of woodland on the outskirts of a small New Jersey village. The aborigine was seen squatting over a small fire, clad in a costume of the variety encountered in the troubled dreams that come after a night at the Arion Ball. On finding that he was observed, the Indian placed his ear close to the ground, then rose to his feet and scuttled away into the remote depths of the suburban forest, uttering the while the fierce war whoop of his tribe.

The pale face wanted no further proof of the value of the brick, and purchased it without a murmur.

The Raines bill is a gold brick; and New York is the man who was born every hour—and needs to be born again with his eye teeth cut.

Bimetallism's silvery sway seems to have been indefinitely deferred in Europe.

CONGRESS, CUBA AND CHICANE.

Cuba would seem, in its chance of American recognition, to have been caught in the counter currents and eddies of Republican politics. Two weeks ago every man of the faith in Congress was—apparently—hot-foot for turgid resolutionary action in favor of that distressed island. Spain was to be rebuked and Cuba encouraged in her revolutionary struggle toward liberty and light. Sherman in the Senate, chief of the sub-body on Foreign Relations, was racing with Hitt, chief of the similar committee of the House, as to whom should extend the soonest, heartiest hand to the insurrectionists. And at all this ardor on the right side the American people were greatly joyed.

But a change has come. Advices from Washington disclose Sherman and a handful of honest Republican men who still talk and vote—so far as they are allowed to vote—on the Cuban side. But beyond these the whole Republican majority, whether of House or Senate, has sensibly slowed down—all but abandoned, indeed, their Cuban endeavors. Not a move for quick action can be gained from them. Delay, procrastination, all that is indefinite and unfinished and unfinishable are what they push for now. And Cuba suffers; right and justice lie prone, and the American people are disappointed of their hope.

Why does Republican control take to the dilatory as a Cuban method? Because the Republicans were not sincere; they never meant any Cuban good, or anything but the strengthening of party chances from the beginning. What they did was intended to impress the public with belief in a party eagerness for Cuban freedom and the thoroughly American spirit—the spirit of 1776 which animated the party breast. And in the carrying out of the humbug they went as far as they politically dared.

The Republicans went to the point where they feared a war with Spain would be precipitated. That condition they shrunk from. Not through any national or party fear of Spain, but because they hesitated to provoke a war while the Democracy was in executive control, lest it make Democracy popular and redound to that party's weal at November's polls.

For this reason they stand back to-day. The Republicans of Congress—Reed and the rest of them, with a few exceptions, such as John Sherman—are playing tricks with the public. They use Cuba for the merest party purpose. They assume a superheated friendship for the Cuban cause to win American applause and American votes during the next campaign. But they do not recognize Cuban belligerency lest conditions be precipitated which might go to the political good of their opponents.

As affairs are posed, there is no Republican plan to recognize Cuba or pass resolutions in Congress looking to that end. There is to be nothing but talk, and let them make the programme. There will be nothing but talk unless the public, in some clear fashion, can teach these sly Republican politicians that their hypocrisy is understood, and that nothing short of the right hand to Cuba will hereafter count in Republican favor.

Talk is cheap, and the Republicans should gain no general countenance and aid as a party for mere words, however hot. Let them be honest. Let them abandon trick and lay aside a deceit that is fooling no one. Let them pass the Cuban resolutions and take that credit for it the people of this country will be only too willing to confer.

With offers of protection for wool, sugar and silver, pensions for the old soldier, and wealth for everybody, the Republicans will make a comprehensive demand for votes at St. Louis.

"RETURNED EMPTIES."

The officers of steamers engaged in the transportation of "beef on the hoof" are enjoying the last remnants of a picturesque tradition. The barbed wire fence, the irrigating ditch, and the other straight lines of prosaic civilization have cut their remorseless way through the eccentric curves of life on the plains. And the riotous cattle men on the steamers, most of whom never saw horns till they signed for the voyage, seem to feel it incumbent upon them to maintain the connection between the idea of cow and the idea of anarchy.

A few years ago any Liverpool lad who had tried his hand at making a fortune in America, and wanted to go home again, could work his passage on a cattle boat, and find a few dollars in his pocket with which to celebrate his return home. Now, however, there is so continuous a backwash from our shore that he must not only be willing to ship without wages, but is obliged to pay a bonus of three or four dollars for the privilege of crossing.

Ample room as there is in the West for the right sort of settler, the steady young farmer with money enough in his pocket to enable him to clear a hundred acres of land, it is very much to be wished that some of the undesirable immigrants be deterred from coming to us by the marvellous tales which these "returned empties" must have to tell when they rejoin the friends of their childhood. It is the practice of the great steamship companies to placard the remote rural districts of Great Britain and Ireland with beautiful posters setting forth, in three colors, the charms of life in America. The orange grove, with the many-windowed brick cottage on the bank of the river, from which the settler is withdrawing salmon slightly larger than himself, while his little brother is taking pot shots at moose from the veranda, is a design greatly admired by the ingenuous youth who contemplates crossing the ocean "his fortune for to seek." If the authorities at Ellis Island would offset this engaging picture with one depicting the unsuccessful youth working his way home again in the 'tween-decks of a cattle liner, bruised by horns and hoofs during his hours of duty, and decorated with a pair of handcuffs during his watch below, some of the silly young clerks who come here to be buffeted against the close barriers of an overcrowded calling might, perhaps, remain at home.

Captain-General Weyler is restive under restrictions imposed to affect the United States Senate. He wishes to resume his policy of annihilation.

ALERT AND EARNEST.

There is no doubt a certain temptation to bait Mr. Roosevelt; ever since the world was young the respect paid to the "unco' guid" has been tinged with malice. But the Commissioner's antagonists seem to find nothing worse to say about him than that his honesty and directness are so square of surface that they accommodate themselves with difficulty to our world, which, after all, is round.

A more alert and earnest public servant has never fought the fight of the law-abiding against the lawless. Omelettes are not made without the breaking of eggs, nor can the guilty be pushed to the wall without some little jostling of the innocent. The town is better ordered, the criminous class less bold, the lives and the property of citizens more secure than on the 20th of March, 1895. And this is not because the millennium is nearer, nor because roguery is out of fashion. We have a good Police Board, and Mr. Roosevelt is its admirable inspiration.

November and March are well known as the seasons when the desperate burglar appears for sporadic forays, which are often rewarded by abundant booty. A cool operator appearing in the centre of a residence district will often do mischief in half a dozen houses, and then disappear for good, leaving a wide wake of terror, which lasts for several days, behind him. Such a burglar made his entree in a quiet neighborhood in Brooklyn Monday afternoon, just as the shadows were falling, burglarized a house while the family was at dinner, shot down a member of the family who ventured to interfere, retreated in good order to another mansion, forced his way in at the point of the pistol, passed through it and managed to gain a third house, from which he escaped. One hardly knows which to marvel most at, the daring of the burglar, or the complete absence of the police in a populous neighborhood.

A curious feature of the prosecution of young Mr. Milliken, which has set Washington society all agog, has as yet received no attention. It lies in the fact that every member of Judge Phillips's family testified as to the exact minute at which they retired on the night of the alleged offence of the defendant. Judge Phillips testified that he went to bed at 11:15; Miss Elinor that she retired at 10:15, and Miss Gertrude Phillips that she retired at 10:25 o'clock. It is doubtful if there are many families the members of which could recall the exact minute on which they went to bed on any particular night. Children and prisoners can be depended on to remember the moment of retiring, because both classes go to bed reluctantly. With others the faculty is very unusual.

"Commissioner" Booth-Tucker, who has been appointed to the command of the Salvation Army in the United States, will prove to be a veritable Napoleon if he should succeed in checking the stampede in the ranks of the organization lately so powerful. The defection of Ballington Booth and his wife has stirred up a strong American feeling in the rank and file of the Army, and there is little doubt that the allegiance of the greater part of the members will be transferred to the new organization. Piety and patriotism can now walk hand in hand, and unless the new commander sent over by "General" Booth should prove to be a wonder, the old Army will gradually die of inanition.

It is not our affair if the Cubans have outwitted the Spaniards and escaped in the Bermuda. The Cubans complied with the requirements of our neutrality laws by clearing from this port with arms and ammunition and a small crew; but off the Delaware Capes the Bermuda took on the insurgents who would not have been allowed to embark here or from any other United States port. Arms and ammunition may go separately, but if accompanied by more men than crew and passengers the authorities must interfere.

Next Sunday's Journal a Wonderful Issue!

There has never been a time in the history of the world when feats of strength have not enchained the popular interest, and during the past two or three years New York has heard more about strong men and what they could do with dumb bells and other heavy weights than it ever heard before. Sandow thinks nothing of lifting a platform with a Dutch band on it and a grand piano, and he gets very well paid for doing it. But Sunday's Journal will describe for the first time a marvellously ingenious device which will enable one man to lift a New York sky-scraping building weighing thirty million pounds or more. That is something that it will be worth your while to read about.

You have all heard about the tramps' lodging house that has been established on a boat, and no doubt a great many of you have been moved to laughter at the thought of how Weary Waggles and his fellow travellers must have felt when the night clerk of the new river hotel compelled them to take a bath. The subject seemed such an amusing one to us that a Journal artist and a Journal writer were commissioned to visit the scene of soap and water and prepare a vivid pen and pencil description of it for our Sunday issue. Each guest in this hotel is furnished with a night shirt, an article of luxury to which few of them are accustomed. The Journal artist has shown them as they appeared when demanding admission, and has also drawn a series of ludicrous pictures representing them standing under the showers and going to bed in their clean, new night shirts. It is an interesting and picturesque phase of life among the city's unfortunates and one that is absolutely up to date.

From the time of Eve woman's beauty has always been a theme of the deepest interest to the whole world, and there is as much interest in the subject now as there was during the lifetime of Hele of Troy. One of the Journal scientists has made a remarkable discovery concerning woman's beauty—one that has a highly important bearing on all future generations. The readers of next Sunday's Journal will be the first people in the world to learn the result of his investigation.

If you desire to read this article, order the Journal of your newsdealer to-day, for it will not be easy to find it on the news stands after 9 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Ever since Tom Moore wrote about the girl who died, and whose lover, believing that her spirit had gone to the heart of the Dismal Swamp, went himself to find her there, that famous dismal bit of morass and thicket and forest has possessed a peculiar, romantic interest for nearly all of us.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds.
His path is rugged and sore;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reed,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.

That is precisely what a Journal explorer has done, and if you buy next Sunday's paper you will read about his wonderful adventures on the mysterious unknown shores of the hidden lake, where all night long by her firefly lamp the spirit of the dead girl paddles her light canoe. It is a story of absorbing interest.

The bicycle girl, who considers herself up to date, will lose all claim to that distinction unless she reads next Sunday's Journal, for she will find there a whole page devoted to her—one which will tell her everything that she ought to know about her favorite sport and give her a great deal of information that will surprise and delight her. This page has been prepared at great expense, and with the greatest care.

There is an old saying among the Irish peasantry that whiskey, while it will make a cat speak, will make a man dumb. There is considerable doubt about the second part of this proposition, and it is well known that certain brands of whiskey which enjoy the respect and confidence of the community tend to make a man garrulous rather than dumb, but in regard to the conversational possibilities of the cat there is a certain scientific writer who has very decided views, and we have asked him to publish them in the Journal next Sunday. He says that cats can be taught to converse and that he is able to prove his assertion. It will be worth your while to see what he has to say on the subject.

The other day a wonderful surgical operation was performed in New York on the brain of a little child, with results that will bring hope to the despairing hearts of thousands of parents whose little ones are afflicted in some way that seems to them to defy all human skill.

We have all of us heard of the language of the eyes and, while undoubtedly a great many of our readers, both men and women, have employed it in moments of tenderness, yet it is doubtful if any one has ever studied the subect as a science, and yet there is a method of using the language of the eyes that can be employed as successfully as the dumb employ the language of the hands. It is described in next Sunday's Journal, and very interesting you will find it.

There is just one more subject that we shall refer to here, and that is the beauty and grace of the young women who constitute our "four hundred." Next Sunday's Journal will have something to say about a number of the very prettiest of them. It will tell you who they are, how they look and why they are so much admired. Don't fail to read about them.

There will be a tremendous rush for the paper next Sunday, for thousands of citizens have already left orders for it with the newsdealers. Remember the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and before you go home to-morrow see that your lamp is filled and trimmed, that it may guide and cheer and instruct you on the day of rest.

All this, and a good deal more besides, for three cents.

How It Looks to Quakers.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

The difference between a lively session of the New York Legislature and a go-as-you-please prize fight is sometimes more formal than real.

An Artificial Fog.

[Florida Times-Union.]

In case of war an artificial fog would be a splendid protection to New York Harbor. What do you say about it, Edison?

Grounds for Suspicion.

[Florida Times-Union.]

A New York crank imagines that he is Adam. But he is unable to give any particulars of that snake and apple story.

Other Reasons, Too.

[Washington Post.]

Bourke Cockran is said to favor a third term for Mr. Cleveland, and there are other reasons why he may not get it.

Quite Likely.

[Detroit Tribune.]

We learn from Senator Tillman that the Supreme Court is helping to rob the people. And just as likely as not, there isn't a policeman within ten blocks.

Market Note.

[Family Call.]

A market note: Southern delegates are selling [illegible]

"Henry IV."

You would probably be ashamed to confess that you don't understand your own mother-tongue, wouldn't you? You will admit that there are occasionally a few words in a Moliere or a Racine play that occasionally elude your intelligence, and at a Duse evening you are conversant with little but the perpetual "Impossible. Ma! Ma!" But the English language! Really, it would be insulting to suggest that you could possibly be floored by anything it might offer, you will say.

Well, go and see "Henry IV." and tell me if you can grasp the humor of Falstaff's Elizabethan wit. You think you can, but you can't. You are so eager to find him funny that you scream with laughter when he says, "Thou hast damned iteration," because the big, big D is so jocund and familiar. You shriek with complacent mirth when he exclaims, "I never see thy face but I think of hell fire," because the hell in that phrase recalls to you the so-called amusing profanity of the day. You even feel pleased with yourself when you smile at such a scintillant sally as "There's no more truth in you than in stewed prunes," because it is pleasant that stewed prunes are both Shakespearian and up-to-date.

But as I sat in Palmer's Theatre last night and saw Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber's careful, reverent and highly commendable production of "Henry IV." I quite understood why this play is so seldom presented, and why the present generation know it not. My friends, you need not blush in the least to confess that you cannot understand it without conscientious study. You want a few dictionaries, half a dozen books of Shakespearian reference, foot notes galore and a pretty good smattering of Elizabethan literature. No educated man fresh from the university need fear in the least to say that such a play as "Henry IV." is Greek to him at first hearing. Don't believe the humbugs who declare that they enjoy it immensely for the clever old bard's sake. Take them into a corner, and ask them the meaning of some of Falstaff's witticisms. Note their stammering difference, their bums and their ha's, and chuckle in the fond belief that you have them at a disadvantage.

Such a play as "Henry IV." is a puzzle to our modern intelligence. Falstaff's "quips and quiddities" have no significance to-day, with a few exceptions. They need explanation; they cry for comparison; you must appreciate the evolution of language in order to even see what Shakespeare intended. The audience last night laughed though. Of course they did. A gentleman with a chubby abdomen has always been humorous from the days of Shakespeare to the time of W. S. Gilbert. I can tell you why this should be so, but it is. A chubby abdomen is a deformity, but we always laugh at it, and Falstaff's abdominal embonpoint is by all the traditions of the stage supposed to tickle our risibilities.

Besides, the audience had seen Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where his humor is much keener and far more comprehensible. They had seen Crane's impersonation, that of Beerbohm Tree and the splendid dramatico-musical effort of Victor Maurel, all very recently. They were therefore as well drilled as a claque on the points of laughter and applause. I'll warrant that very few people last night had very little reason, other than the stomachic one, for their mirth.

William F. Owen as the fat Knight gave a highly creditable performance. His make-up was as good as that we admired in Beerbohm Tree, and his unctuous manner (unctuous is the traditional adjective to use for Falstaff), was exceedingly convincing. Then Mr. Owen spoke his lines as though he understood them, which I can't believe he did, and dominated the stage from the time he appeared upon it until he left it. Owen is certainly a remarkably good Shakespearian actor, and his Falstaff alone should entitle him to a large measure of credit.

Little Mrs. Taber—once Julia Marlowe—took the burden of Prince Hal of Wales, upon her small, symmetrical shoulders. It cannot truthfully be said that she did very much with the part. She was pleasing. "Pleasing" is a word almost coined for her; it is so non-committal. Fortunately we have the sweet memories of her Juliet to fall back upon, and those memories cover a multitude of sins. She certainly made a most picturesque Prince Hal, and her pretty face, framed in a fluffy golden wig, made a direct appeal to her audience. Mrs. Taber was meek and gentle, although she took to the absence of skirts very kindly, and if I may make so bold—revealed a pair of what we are accustomed in every-day parlance to think of as legs, that were neat and shapely. In the scene with Henry IV., at the close of the third act, she did her best work, and emerged from the atmosphere of tepid docility that had haloed her previously.

Roert Taber was an excellent Hotspur. In fact, he was as good a Hotspur as he was a Charles Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer." He read his lines with an intelligence that is none too usual among the Shakespearian actors of to-day, and he held his voice in perfect control. It never ran away with him, or led him into the declamatory slough from which extrication is so difficult. Mrs. Sol Smith was a capital Dame Quickly, but Henry Meredith, as Henry IV., showed the evil training of the detestable old school, which is not yet completely defunct.

The staging of the play was thoroughly praiseworthy, and attention to the various purveyors was invited by the programme. If you want to buy a wig to-day like that worn by Prince Hall, all you have to do is to consult the programme. The names of the providers of scenery, costumes, mechanical effects, armorial bearings, armor, properties, furniture, jewels, chains, orders, and even the boots and shoes were all set forth with charming candor. No mention was made of underclothes, or of Falstaff's abdomen. Who made that abdomen? Why is the programme silent on such a bewilderingly entertaining and adipose question?

I can't help thinking that Augustin Daly was wise to shelve his production of "Henry IV." He should be deeply grateful to the successful "Countess Gucki," that is said to have caused the postponement. I can't imagine Ada Rehan as Prince Hal. I would much sooner see her as Falstaff.

ALAN DALE.

Favorite Son, Anyhow.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

King Menelek says that he is a descendant of Solomon, and is a son of a king. He fights as if he might be a son of a gun.

A Fatal Blunder.

[Atchison Globe.]

Every one makes the fatal blunder of telling his secrets to those who tell their secrets.

Invidious.

[Detroit News.]

Although the Beef Trust proposes to reduce prices, it is perhaps invidious to say anything about coming down off a high horse.

Colonel Ab Is Quiet.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

It will be noticed that Colonel Ab Hamid, of Constantinople, is very quiet these days. Miss Barton is over there.

Crippling the Trade of London.

London, March 11.—The newspapers are full of prophecies of serious injury to the business of London. They say that Liverpool, Southampton, and even some German and Holland ports are taking enormous slices away from the trade of London on account of the excessive charges recently added to the cost of laying down foreign produce. Great meetings of merchants, brokers and others have been held, and the shipping trade, especially that part connected with transatlantic service, is up in arms against the new tax. The cause of all the trouble is this: The London and India Docks Joint Committee recently issued a circular to all shipowners using the docks, in which it would appear that their object was solely to hasten the delivery of cargo by doing away with the present custom, which leads, according to the Joint Docks Committee, to delay to the shipowner. But in return for this unasked for kindness on their part they propose to benefit themselves by taking over the handling of all goods imported into the docks, whether intended to be landed in the docks themselves or for delivery to the various wharves. The shipowners, however, are not so eager for the change as the Docks Committee would like them to be.

They object, not so much to the latter, as to the proposition of the Joint Committee to provide for a charge, taking flour as an example, of two shillings a ton, to be paid to the company for the work which it is proposed shall be done by them, when it is well known that shipowners are able to do it at a much lower rate. In the American trade, under the existing bill of lading agreements, shipowners are only allowed a shilling and sixpence a ton for the work which the company wish to do at two shillings a ton. This is one of the chief objections to those concerned. They assert that the dock company, like all large corporations, has never handled the business as efficiently and economically as could be done by outside people. They admit that those likely to be mulcted are the consignees and not the shipowners; and that sooner or later the loss will be thrown upon the ship, as consignors are not the people to meekly submit to such a state of affairs. The outcome of the whole business so far as the American trade is concerned will certainly be that the port charges of London will be unnecessarily increased.

A letter has been sent by Andrew Devitt, chairman of the General Produce Brokers' Association of London, to the chairman of the London Association of Shipowners and Brokers, in which he says: "I am desired on behalf of the large interests represented by our association to enter a strong protest against the proposals made to the shipowners by the Docks Committee, whereby the charges on produce coming to London will be added to, the difficulty of competing with foreign ports increased, the all-important option hitherto allowed to importers of taking their cargo direct from the ship removed, the large transit business now done taxed and a severe blow done to our produce trade generally by the imposition of fresh burdens. We consider the result will be a further diversion of produce to foreign ports, to the detriment of London, which has already lost business heavily on account of London dock charges. The proposals are short-sighted, and the best interests of the port of London generally are threatened thereby. We earnestly appeal to your association to pause before agreeing to the proposals." A resolution has also been passed by the Association of Master Lightermen and Barge Owners to the effect that they protest against the action of the Docks Joint Committee in inviting the shipowners to enter into an agreement with them to land all the cargoes on the dock quay, charging the consignees with the cost of delivering the goods from the quay to barge at rates varying from two shillings to three shillings and sixpence per ton, whereby a monopoly will be created in favor of the Docks Committee and the interests of merchants, wharfingers, lightermen and others engaged in the trade of the port of London will seriously suffer.

A big meeting of ship owners, merchants and brokers was held last week at the Cannon Street Hotel to protest against the proposed new charges. Representatives of the Docks Committee were invited to address the meeting, but the invitation met with no response. Sir Albert Rollit, M. P., presided over the meeting, which represented not only the Chamber of Commerce, but most of the great trades of London. In the course of his remarks he said there was a universal feeling that there were already sufficient obstacles to the trade of the great metropolis, and that nothing was wanted in the direction of monopoly, but, if anything, more freedom and a reduction rather than an increase in charges upon the commerce of the port. Speaking further, he said: "The change will injure all classes—the wharfingers, lightermen, merchants, brokers—and they are represented here to-day in order to assert what they believe to be their rights and interests." Other speakers were Mr. Alban Gibbs, M. P., who spoke at some length; Sir Reginald Hanson, M. P.; Mr. Alderman Ritchie, president of the London Jute Association, and Mr. Nelson, representing the frozen meat trade.

The merchants here are dead against the change, but it is generally assumed that it is the ship owners who are reckoned to turn the scale one way or the other. After all, behind the ship owner is the merchant, and if he should insist on overside delivery he will certainly find ship owners willing to oblige him in these days of keen competition. The dock companies cannot coerce the ship owner—they can only persuade him; and then it remains to be seen who is the more potent persuader, the shipper, by whom the ship owner lives, or the dock companies. The dock companies have kept up a competition among themselves that has cost, we are told, millions of borrowed money, and to try and recover from the effects of this they now endeavor to handicap their competitors so as to secure the monopoly of a business at which they cannot make sufficient money in fair competition.

I saw the heads of some of the great transatlantic transport lines, and they were all agreed that it would injuriously and seriously affect American trade of all kinds. The manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Steamship Company said it would affect all American transport lines. He could not tell whether the dock companies would win, but he was sure they would not do so by themselves, and would have to have a very considerable backing to overcome the present opposition. JULIAN RALPH.

Strong English.

[Philadelphia Call.]

And now Mayor Strong, of New York, is charged with inability to write good English. Without venturing into the discussion we beg leave to observe that he has been known to speak Strong English.

It Has Come at Last.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

The Journal has been waiting for somebody to suggest an analogy between the name of the Abyssinian King, Menelik, and the man he licked. It will probably come.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, by birth a clergyman's daughter by nativity a Welshwoman, and by the inscrutible will of Heaven a novelist, wrote, thirty years ago, "Not Wisely, but Too Well." When the thing was done it detested itself and seceded into chapters. These were numbered, like wicked men in a prison, so that the parts of the thing could be discriminated. And in that chapter numbered XIX. there occur these words:

If George could have taken a look into Kate's past he would, perhaps, have been less surprised at the absence of the bread-and-butter element in her.

The meticulous reader who desires to verify this quotation need not grope in the shades of the British novel of the Chignon period; he can find the paragraph on page 4,320 of the Century Dictionary. Of course, if he wants to find out why Kate's swallowing gear dumped bread and butter into her past instead of her pharynx he may search "Not Wisely, but Too Well."

The point, however, is that this is perhaps the first apparition in our fiction of the woman with the past.

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Speaking of the dictionary brings one to the subject of dictionary illustrations, which very properly play an important part in the work of the modern lexicographer. But it is an irritating fact that one or two subjects have a knack of falling out of the marching ranks and sticking behindhand. The Century Dictionary still gives under the head of "bicycle," a cut of the old-fashioned bone-shaker.

For some mysterious reason the modern bicycle is indeed always a stumbling block to the makers of books. The excellent Badminton library of sports and pastimes published, in 1889, a second edition of a volume on cycling, on the 159th page of which there appeared a cut of the "rear-driving safety bicycles." It was, of course, one of the earlier efforts at the type of machine which shortly afterward displaced the old iron wheel, for in 1889 the bone-shaker ruled the road. This cut (which, by the way, was most stupidly printed twice in the volume, appearing a second time on page 411) seems almost as quaint as the pictures of the hobby of eighty years ago.

Not long ago a fresh book on cycling was added to the same library, and although this time they have got safely away from the high wheel, to which only a page is devoted, the cover of the volume still displays a cut of an old-fashioned wheel, and both the text and the illustrations are notably inferior to the other handbooks of the series.

The French book by Baudry de Saunier is already three years behind the ago, valuable and copious as it is. And there seems now to be so little probability of further material changes in the model of the bicycle that we ought to see very shortly a book which will take a permanent place in the manuals of sports.

Letters from the People.

Objections to Changing Names of Streets.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I regret very much to see your editorial in regard to changing the names of our streets, and with your permission will be glad to name my objections.

Every stranger who comes to New York is delighted with the ease with which he can find his way about without a guide in the upper parts of the city, but they invariably complain about the streets which are named; about the "slips" and the "places." For you must confess that it would take years of ordinary business life for one to master the names of all our streets if they were all named and were divided into "places," with separate names, etc.

In your editorial you seem to forget that the streets are named for the purpose of helping people to find their way about without being directed every half mile.

You are probably more familiar with statistics than I am, but I am under the impression that there are over 100,000 visitors here daily, and, if such is the case, why should we not only do them a kindness, but save ourselves the trouble of directing somebody every three blocks we walk, as I have frequently done down town?

You seem to forget that we are known, and strive to be more so, as the most practical, common-sense people in the world, but if we copy our ancestors in naming our streets we will call down the wrath of every stranger who enters our gates. Let me beg of you that you will not use your most influential paper to bring about this change for the worse.

Ask your subscribers' and readers' opinions on this subject and I believe you will find that they agree with me.

New York, March 18. BASSETT.

More or Less in the Public Eye

Justice Wright, the English jurist, is rather eccentric in some of his ways. On his estate in Hampshire there is stuck up an extraordinary notice board: "Trespassers will not be prosecuted."

W. E. Sackett, a New Jersey politician, has published a book on "Modern Battles of Trenton," a history of a generation of Jersey politics. The Legislature has ordered it placed in the school libraries of the State.

Princess Helena, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, has been so shocked at the bad manners and the ignorance displayed by the wives of foreign ministers, of newly created peers and baronets, and of civic dignitaries attending a drawing-room or "commanded" to Windsor for the first time, that she has undertaken to write a book on etiquette for women in good society, and in particular "for ladies who attend royal and imperial courts."

No American plutocrat is as luxurious a ruler as was the late Sultan of Morocco. He objected to being carried up and down stairs; so a railway was built from his bed chamber to the ground floor. The line was built on a gradual curve, and the cars were easy chairs, with danged wheels, convertible into couches.

General Ruger, commander of the Department of the East, who was born in 1833, will reach the age limit and be obliged to retire from the army in about two years.

In a recent letter to a friend William E. Gladstone said: "We are due at Biarritz on my birthday, a day on which, if I live to see it, I shall complete my eighty-sixth year. A long count, a great reckoning!"

If William B. Allison shall live to fill the term to which the Iowa Legislature recently re-elected him to the Senate, or unless destiny at St. Louis next June shall transfer him to the other end of Pennsylvania avenue, he will have been a Senator for twenty-five years.

Professor Putnam, the expert in American archaeology, proposes a new Indian for the Massachusetts coat of arms. The extraordinary figure now used hardly could do duty even for a tobacco shop sign, and Professor Putnam particularly objects to that Indian's holding his bow with his right hand and his arrow with the left, instead of [illegible]